

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANTE TOWN GREETINGS

Peace And The Princess.

The whim of a young German Princess may be more potent in the preservation of the peace of the world than the arbitration treaties and conventions of the diplomats. The only daughter of Kaiser William while paying a visit to England recently with her father and mother confided to a friend that she wanted to be "British." Some time ago it was reported that her father had refused the overtures of his ally the Emperor of Austria for a marriage between his daughter and an Austrian Prince in the line of succession to the throne of the dual monarchy, on the ground that he wished his daughter to marry a Protestant.

There are not many Protestant Royal families with unmarried Princesses of the age as the young lady who wants to be a British Princess. She could possibly find a husband in Sweden, Denmark, or Roumania, or in some of the smaller German Protestant, but it is extremely probable that if King George has no objections of a political sort Victoria of Germany will become the bride of the young Prince of Wales. She is twenty and he is eighteen. The disparity of age is not a bar nor is consanguinity. Edward of Wales and Victoria had a common great-grandmother—Queen Victoria—and are therefore second cousins, but much vigorous blood has been interjected into both branches of the family during the past fifty years.

A marriage between the heir to the British Throne and the only daughter of the German Emperor would be as popular in Britain as that fortunate union almost fifty years ago, when the "sea King's" daughter from over the sea married another Prince of Wales, Victoria of Germany is said to be a sweet, unspoiled girl of domestic instincts, who could be trusted to continue the splendid traditions of the women of the Royal family for the greater part of a century—of Victoria, Alexandra, and Mary. A German Victoria and German less suspicious of each other and less inclined to think of war between the two powers as something inevitable. The German Emperor is humanely human, students of his character say he would go far to avoid war with an Empire of which his only daughter would some day be Queen-consort, were she to be humored in her desire to become British by marriage.

The whim of a woman has oftentimes changed the course of history to the hurt of millions of people. Let us hope the whim of young Victoria will serve the highest interests of civilization by providing another peaceful link between the British and German nations.—Tor, Globe

The Queen's Standard.

(Daily Mail, London.)
Directly the King left Buckingham Palace on Monday morning the Royal Standard was lowered, and in its place was flown the standard of the Queen. This flag has not before been hoisted on the staff over the front of Buckingham Palace. It was first flown at Marlborough House during an absence of the King at Sandringham.

On the Queen's standard there appear the arms of Great Britain and Ireland, quartered with the arms of the Dukes of Cambridge (from whom the Queen is descended through her mother) and the Royal Family of Wurttemberg (from whom the Queen is descended through her father, the Duke of Teck). Flying from the flagstaff at Marlborough House is the Standard of Queen Alexandra. That is an impalement of the British and Danish Royal Standard.

One Danger Averted.

(Portland, Me., Argus.)
In his Outlook article throwing cold water upon the international arbitration treaty, Col. Roosevelt talks of the "repeated military invasion of our territory" by Mexican troops, and says that it would be "absolutely intolerable" for us to bind ourselves to arbitrate the questions raised by it. Nothing has happened on the Mexican border that can properly be described as an invasion. But the Colonel's comment on the situation and his general attitude, will deepen the national thankfulness that he is not in the White House today. Had he been, the United States would probably have been at war with Mexico by this time, involving the loss of thousands of lives and disastrous consequences for both countries.

A Night's Comradeship

HE WAS in a city of 2,000,000 souls, but he knew none of them. He did not know the name of a street; there was not one light, however feeble, among all the lights of the town that shone for him. Indeed, he was not sure that in all the world a light was lit with thought of him. Perhaps—it might be, remotely and indefinitely—that a certain distant, feeble gleam in a town a thousand miles away lit with some faint of his return. But, after all, it was impossible. He had done nothing to deserve affectionate memory. He had been ungrateful to those who had nursed him, selfish and bitter to the girl who might have loved him, scornful of old friends and neighbors, and bent upon his own obstinate, willful way. The result was a step downward—a step which precipitated. Then the punishment—brief but shameful—of the law, and now liberty again and no knowledge of what to do with it.

The icy rain that fell, the wind that slapped his face with clammy and insidious hands, the cruel hardness of the city walls appalled him. In spite of his arrogant piling down of the thought, he could not but remember the village, which he had held in such contempt, but where, once, he would have had a welcome from every man and woman, boy and girl, dog and horse. It was as much lost to him now, that cordiality and friendliness, as if those who had offered it were people of another globe. Except always—but no, he would not trust himself to think of that one possible exception, of that one light which burned, perhaps, for him.

He did not know where to go. He had a hunch of going to any place that might be inhabited by such dark spirits as those he had just left in their captivity. He had had enough of darkness. Yet where else could he go? He must be careful with the few dollars that were in his pocket. They were hateful dollars—the dolls of the state to its offending child. He had no sooner assured himself of the need for the scrupulous guarding of this treasure than he was seized with a passionate impulse to cast it from him in the gutter. The money used should come to his hands fresh from toil and sweat. But a sadder thought impelled him not only to retain the money, but to place it in a small pocket in his flannel shirt under his vest and tie.

He was growing cold and sleepy. The thoughts that had beaten in his brain—wild, tiger thoughts that fretted and paced and would not lie quiet—had worn him out. The need for rest was upon him imperatively. He looked about him for some corner in which he could creep for a short time, and he saw by his side what at first appeared to be the evil, yawning mouth of the night, but which proved, upon closer examination, to be a large, open, burning building, leached, grimy, desolate. Hardly realizing the poor-ness of his choice, he turned in here and groped about amid the debris, wondering if he could not find some place out of the wind where he could spend the night.

The place was far from being a complete ruin, as he soon saw, and he stumbled finally against a flight of stairs. They were empty, and he climbed them cautiously, and came upon a great warehouse, stripped of all that had once occupied it, but in a state of only partial ruin. At the end of this great room he discovered a small apartment which had evidently been used for an office. The glow from a neighboring arch light showed him that the room was unharmed. He entered and looked about him. An old fireplace with a hideous mottled iron mantel was at one side. Two common chairs remained, and there was a shade at the window. William Rhoda took it upon himself to laugh. Actually, the place seemed homelike, compared with those relentless streets.

He had an idea—a bold one. He crept down among the debris and gathered an armful of half-burned wood, and with this he returned to the little room. Then he drew the shade, closed the door, and proceeded to light him a fire. It was incredible—the comfort of it! He warmed himself before it, chuckling with delight.

"It is really gorgeous," said he aloud. "Ain't it?" responded a voice. Rhoda was on his feet like a cat and facing the door. A man with a gaunt face looked in.

"Room enough fer two?" he inquired. Rhoda's heart was beating at his ears.

"I shall probably be killed," he reflected, and remembered with anger that he had no weapon except a sort, and even a pocketknife. The other man had entered and closed the door behind him, standing with his back to it. He was short and raw-boned, and his head set almost upon his shoulders. His heavy nose and mouth bespoke an obstinate, but not particularly ill-natured man. His eyes were sunken in his head, but Rhoda could see that they were black and singularly sharp in their expression.

"What do you want?" asked, smiling in a reassuring manner as possible. "I've been logging it fer 18 hours, and I'm fit to drop."

Rhoda would never have encountered all of those embittered glances which had made him an outcast if he had not been of a whimsical temperament. Now, suddenly, the fear deserted him. He desired no adventure.

It certainly had been devoid of adventure in the place of his residence for the last two years.

He held out his hand.

"Come in," said he. "There are two chairs and fire enough for forty. It is a pity I cannot give you something to eat and drink."

"He was smiling, and actually, for a moment, a glow went through him like that which comes from the exercise of hospitality. The other man advanced almost jauntily.

"Well, I call this white!" said Rhoda, lightly. "I was just making up my mind to forget it for a time."

"Eh? Well, that's a good idea. Something to eat and drink, did you say? Man, I've got it!"

"No!"

"Here yeh are." He took two slices of dried bread out of his pocket.

"That's the catin'."

He produced a flask in which there was, perhaps, four mouthfuls of amber liquid. "And that's the drinkin', and there might be more."

"We can toast the bread," suggested Rhoda. His guest drew a formidable knife from his pocket and opened its one terrible blade slowly. Rhoda smiled with infantile grace and seated himself cross-legged before the fire. He was not entirely sure of the purpose of that unsheathing of the weapon, but he determined to make light of it. However, he had apparently no cause for apprehension. His companion stuck a slice of bread on the point of the blade and held it up before the fire.

"It smells good," remarked Rhoda. "I wish to heaven there was a smell of hot coffee going with it."

The other man looked pensively into the fire.

"Yes," he said, reflectively. "I wish so, too." He got to the second slice of bread and toasted it to a warm brown. Then they began to eat. It was quite a ceremony. The man talked of going to a climate where there was no winter, and they were truly magnificent. No one listening would have doubted their ability to visit such a place if they had pleased. Afterward they made the fire safe and laid down with their feet toward the glowing ashes and slept.

"Maybe he is a wigan I wake up and maybe I won't," thought Rhoda, humorously, as sleep came over him. "But it doesn't matter, really. That knife, however, is an ugly sleeping companion. I dare say I shall know more about it by morning than I do now."

He fell asleep easily for all of that, and he dreamt of walking under palms with the man by his side, and of sailing with him over summer seas. He dreamt of fighting by his side, and of struggling to defend him from some danger; and then, suddenly, he sat up and saw the dawn peeping about the edges of the curtain.

"So the knife isn't in me, after all," he commented, and looked about for his companion. But he was not to be found. The room was unoccupied save by himself. Instinctively he felt for his money. It was safe. And on the floor by his side lay the knife. Rhoda lifted it and stared at it stupidly. Then, by degrees, the significance of it came over him. It was a gift for remembrance, and all that his owner had to bestow. It was the first evidence of friendship that the man who held it in his trembling hand had received for years. Something that he had thought dead stirred in him. He put the gift in his pocket and arose to his feet. Obscurely he came across him that the hospitality had been worth while, the confidence had been worth while—the dream of comradeship. He went out of the murky building and down on the street. As he walked along he held his head like a man who has a purpose in his mind. The skulking attitude of the night before was gone.

He walked into a newspaper office, and bent over the desk where the advertisements for workers were displayed, and as he looked at them, writing down a number of addresses, he ranked himself once more in the mighty file of honest men. Dimly, like an evil vision, away into the oblivion of the past, wound that other procession of dark figures with averted gaze, with mischievous hands, with vain thoughts—Chicago Tribune.

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for his lavish display of diamonds. "Yoh pardon, suh, but not always. I calculate that as a man of the world yoh have heard of Casper Kirby?"

Mr. Randall, again paying attention to his companion's glass.

"Kirby? That's an old and honored name in Plaquemine, suh," replied Mr. Randall, opening his coat and fanning himself with his huge slouch hat. "Kirby was my neighbor, suh, and I knew his folks well. I had the honor to be of some slight assistance when he went under during the panic years. Crops failed, banks went to smash, but yoh remember, I reckon. Well, suh, Mr. Kirby's son, Eugene, came home from school to find his job father dead and a bankrupt—everything swept away."

That was a hard homeword, suh. Very sad case. I have often wondered what became of the boy, foh he had all his father's pride and refused to let me accept my privilege of an old neighbor and friend. That was twenty years ago, and since then I have heard in a roundabout way that he had become wild, and lived with his companions and taken to the river for a livelihood. In fact, became a common gambler. But of course I don't believe it, foh Mr. Kirby could never do that, suh—fall so low. Yet the name is uncommon. Have you ever met this gentleman of whom you spoke?"

"Not socially, suh," replied the other dryly. "I calculate he is no relative of the folks you mentioned, foh his reputation, suh, is the worst on the river, known from New Orleans to St. Louis and back again. He and his side partner, suh, a dam, carpet-bagging Yankee by the name of Moore, are the most reckless characters on the river. It is said that Moore, suh, who gave our fair Mississippi her evil name. Yoh speak of no man dealing off the bottom of the pack. Why, suh, I assure yoh on my honor yeh're so crooked they have to sleep in a condorm. I merely mentioned Kirby's name because of the fact that, suh, he was a winter, and they were truly magnificent. No one listening would have doubted their ability to visit such a place if they had pleased. Afterward they made the fire safe and laid down with their feet toward the glowing ashes and slept."

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ing his mischievous, and perhaps even an exaggerated and touchy sense of honor. When yoh mentioned imperiling yoh welfare it seemed as if we were no longer indulging in a gentleman's game merely foh the sake of passing the time. I have a very delicate sense of honor, suh, and perhaps I am too ready to back my opinions with sums which I consider mere trifles. I hope this difference of opinion will not impair our but newly formed friendship, Mr. Randall."

"I was too hasty, colonel," replied the other. "Foh I reckon my pride is as touchy as yoh own. Come, fill up yoh glass, suh. Yoh're a good fellow, and I'm a good fellow. We're both good fellows, suh. A Randall never yet refused to back his opinion, and ten thousand is as much a pleasure affair to me as to yoh. If yoh persist in going broke, I'll take yoh bet, suh. The best two out of three. My cards, I reckon. There's my money, suh." And he thumped a buckskin bag on the table.

"Covered, suh," replied Moreau, carefully peeling off ten \$1,000 bills.

By now the unconcern which Mr. Randall displayed, was entirely authentic, for his incessant attention to his glass had lent him a bilious countenance and defiance of the future, in which lurked the inevitable lesson of caution. Moreover, his pride had been delicately touched to the quick, and rather than appear a "piker" before this magnificent acquaintance he would readily have hazarded his entire estate. Pride of family was his fetiche, and a Randall, he considered, was an admirable opponent, who could be beaten at nothing. All this was quite aside from his desire to uphold his self bestoved reputation of man of the world and the inevitable conviction that his luck had turned. There was no doubt that if he had not said his sugar crop for such an unexpected high figure he would not have embarked on his subsequent game campaign, nor, although of a jovial nature, so quickly formed a friendship with the magnificent and highly estimable Colonel Moreau, owner of the very delicate sense of honor. Although in that period, a decade or so before the war which severed the country, but to ultimately knit it more firmly together, the punch bowl was an institution in every southern house hold, Mr. Randall was not what is termed a drinking man, and it was

solely on his yearly business trips to the Crescent City that he permitted himself any latitude in that direction. Meanwhile Mr. Randall had shuffled, dealt and lost the first showdown. The next, however, he won, only to lose the third and last.

"I calculate," observed Moreau, carelessly sweeping toward him the buckskin bag, "that I have proved my theory, suh. Yoh tide has not turned, except foh the worse. An even bet that yoh lose the best out of the next six hands. We'll make it that number in order to give yoh Randall luck a chance to come in, foh it really seems as if it was very bashful, suh. Do yoh take me? Of co'se yoh are the doctor, suh, as I am the winner."

The bird being plucked, the venture was no longer scrupulously careful regarding its department, and, in fact, if Mr. Randall had been himself he could not but have noted the contempt and derision in the estimable colonel's voice and eyes.

"Yes, I am the doctor, suh," replied the planter thickly, "and a Randall never quits. Never, suh! I take yoh and I raise yoh bet. Fifty thousand that I beat yoh foh out of six. That's the way I play, suh. Now, do you take me, Colonel Moreau?"

A momentary accompaniment flickered in the other's eyes, for it seemed as if the bird had not been picked so cleanly as he had supposed. "I reckoned yoh cleaned out, suh," he said cautiously. "If yoh're serious, of co'se I take yoh."

Mr. Randall, swaying unsteadily, promptly slammed a green moreno wallet on the table. "That and a dew to my plantation, colonel, against yoh winnings and forty thousand. I am about to show yoh, suh, how a Randall plays poker. I state everything I own on the fact that yoh leave this table dead broke, suh. Here's to the

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Legue for Its Suppression Shows Vast Increase, Particularly Among Women. London, May 26.—Gambling is on the increase in England. According to reports to the British Anti-Gambling League, organized gambling is making gigantic strides, and this despite the fact that police have made it very difficult for one to place bets in London and the other big cities of the Kingdom.

It is stated that whereas a century ago there were only twenty bookmakers in Great Britain and Ireland, there are now some thirty thousand men getting their living wholly or partly in this way, with a turnover estimated at about \$400,000,000 on horse racing and \$150,000,000 on football and other sports.

The gambling evil, too, is spreading alarmingly among women and children and is restricted to no particular class of society. There have been 46 cases of women bookmakers before the courts in the last year. The league has protested to the government against the receipt of foreign lottery circulars and called the attention of the police to the existence of many girls' betting clubs.

To show how deep the gambling passion has taken hold, the directors of the league declare there are many book-makers who stop so low as to take bets for sixpence or a shilling from girls or boys.

When one reflects upon these statements one realizes that New York is far from being as black as it has been painted.

Mrs. J. R. Whyte, Killarney, Manitoba, who says: "I have found great comfort and relief from Mio-na. I had been greatly troubled for months with heartburn and a heavy burning feeling in my stomach. A fair meal would disturb me so much that I would have to sit up at night—the food would sour on my stomach and form a gas which would cause belching and dizzy spells. These distressing troubles disappeared after using Mio-na and I shall always speak highly of this excellent stomach remedy."

Mio-na is the best prescription for stomach trouble ever written. It gives quick relief and cures permanently. Mio-na is put up in tablet form and is small and is easy to swallow. Sold by leading druggists everywhere, 50 cents, with a guarantee to cure or refund your money. Or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. You will search the world over and not find a stomach remedy half so good as Mio-na. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

Rather Dim.

A tourist, concluding a visit to Ireland, was bidding farewell to an attendant.

"Good-bye, Pat!"

"Good-bye, yer honor, and may Heaven bless you; and may every hair on your head be a candle to light you to glory on the last day."

"Well, Pat," said the tourist, showing him a bald pate, "when that day comes there won't be much of a torch-light procession."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]